AMATEURS OF HORSE SHOWS.

CHASE THE ELUSIVE BLUE RIBBONS AS A PASTIME.

Men and Women Who Are Fine Whips and Riders—Fortunes Invested in High Steppers and Vehicles—Money Won Will Not Pay for Oats, but No One Cares.

To chase after blue ribbons at the horse shows is now a well established recreation for amateurs. They follow the sport for the sport's sake, for the winnings will not buy the oats for a string of show horses. This suits the amateurs, for they would no more seek a profit in their recreation than a yachtsman would run a ferry or an automobilist turn chauffeur for hire. To ride and drive well, so as to display the points of their horses to the best advantage in the show ring, is what makes the pursuit a sport. Any capitalist could send a string of horses on the show circuit and win ribbons, but no fame as an amateur, with professionals to ride and drive.

All the amateurs with large show strings have managers and a professional whip, if the manager does not drive, but their duties are to pick out good horses and to train them. Whenever possible the amateur handles the reins, and the occupation is the fun of the game. Women drive as well as the men, and they are often on horseback. When a big show string owned by a man includes saddle as well as harness horses he will rarely do any riding. The women, under similar circumstances, will ride and drive in many classes in succession. Harvey S. Ladew is one exception to this rule, but he is still in college.

In comparison with other forms of horsemanship, or of sport with the horse, show ring competition is only of yesterday. Racing is older on this continent than the national form of government, and trotting and pacing races must at least date to the Declaration of Independence, while riding to hounds is also antediluvian in contrast to the modern show ring. The National Horse Show at New York is only 22 years old, but it was not until about 1895 that there were enough shows throughout the country to warrant an amateur going on tour with a string of high steppers, roadsters, saddle horses or hunters. Yet the supporters of the new sport are as zealous as any followers of the older pastimes. One, A. G. Vanderbilt, is to take in the English shows this spring. To take over coaching and high stepping horses to England would seem, at the first glance, to be carrying coals to Newcastle, and it is undoubtedly a bold experiment. Yet he will only be following in the footsteps of another American amateur, George B. Huime, who took a show string across in 1897 and met with success on the English circuit.

Interest in show ring competitions is kaleidoscopic in its changes, for there is a constant variety in the succession of classes, so that the amateurs enjoy the spice of quick action, and without any sameness. The blue ribbon winner in one class is kept guessing whether or not the judges will give another prize to the same horse under the conditions of the next class. Besides this mental spur there is exercise to be gained and skill to be displayed in handling the horses through three days or more of successive classes, with perhaps three sessions a day.

At the open air shows it is a foul as well as a fine weather sport. Men and women must fulfil their engagements to ride or drive in the name of sport, whether in storm or sunshine. On one day of the last Philadelphia show at Wissahickon Heights there was so much weather, mixed rain and fog, that the riders and drivers could hardly see each other and had to journey about the ring by dead reckoning. It was as rainy at the Westchester show the day Miss Maxwell drove Adonis and won a championship. Bad weather must be taken with bright days, and the changes, as with the vagaries of a day's hunting or racing, are all in the bill and part of the pleasure.

SOME NOTABLE HORSE SHOW HORSES.

While winnings in the form of dividends may not influence the horse show amateurs except as a possible standoff to entry fees, they have a consuming desire to win the cups and plates, and, as with the racing men, the trophies with a history are most sought after. The most famous of Eastern trophies was the Waldorf-Astoria cup for gig horses, first competed for in 1897 at the New York show. It had to be won three times, and William H. Moore gained the permanent possession last year through the prowess of the English hackney Forest King. This is a bay gelding and, besides good looks, the possessor of high action that is automatic in finish. Moore paid $11,000 for the gelding in England and won the cup first in 1903, the season Forest King became a resident here. He did not show in 1904, and the cup went to Eben D. Jordan's hackney Hildred, imported as a weanling and trained to be a heavy harness champion at the farm of the Bostonian, which accentuates his pride in her victories. Forest King came to his own again in 1905 and 1906 to gain the coveted cup for Moore. In the same years Forest King won for him the Hotel Martinique plate, a two season cup that had consequently only a short career.

Forest King is but one of Moore's high priced champions, and, as he has always had some gig horses in reserve, to win the Waldorf-Astoria cup must have cost him much more than the wine bill to fill it. As two dozen of our wealthiest amateurs have been anxious to block the path of Forest King and have spared no expense in buying timber to try with, the rivalry for this trophy alone has circulated a good deal of money among horse breeders and in the trade. The one objection to the hackney is that it has more action than pace. It aims at the stars in its hoof tossings, but dwells somewhat constantly at one spot on the earth. The trotting bred gig horse has pace and style, and in the days when English travellers used the vehicle it is a question if they would not have preferred the American sort to a hackney. In the show ring the hackney has all the speed needed and the poetry of its motion cannot be denied. Yet Forest King, had not his type been so well established, would have had a tighter squeeze to win from some of the trotting bred steppers. Nala, the bay stallion reserve to Forest King at the last victory, is an instance in point. This one is standard bred and is said to have cost J. W. Harriman $7,000. In a ten mile trotting race the public would back Nala; for a park drive in a two wheeler Forest King would be the ideal in the shafts.

Harriman began his show string in the fall of 1905, when he bought the harness horses Laughing Water and Chieftain for $7,800 in time to show at New York. About the same time he purchased for about $10,000 the champion saddle horses Corinne and Petroleum from Mrs. G. B. M. Grosvenor, who gave up showing on account of the death of her husband. The four were the biggest winners last season in the Harriman string, which has grown in size as a snowball does rolling down hill. The latest Harriman purchase will not sport his colors until the spring shows at Durland's and Brooklyn. It is the hackney team Lord Brooke, Lord Burleigh, Flashlight and Searchlight that beat W. H. Moore's park four, Bugler, Fife, Foraker and Senator, at the Boston show last spring. Harriman paid $22,500 for the Boston team.

A. G. Vanderbilt's luckiest hit was the purchase from M. H. Tichenor of the champion team of the 1904 circuit, Rustling Silk, Full Dress, Sweet Marie and Polly Prim, in the late fall of that year at a price believed to have been $20,000. With Portia in the place of Rustling Silk, the team beat the Moore, Watson and Jordan teams at the last Philadelphia show. Yet Harriman, as the amateurs view it, has made a good investment in the Jordan four. They are the sort that will improve under the handling of his manager, John H. Donnelly, and as A. G. Vanderbilt will be abroad the Harriman team should be a big winner at the early shows. Yet no one knows what W. H. Moore, C. W. Watson, R. C. Vanderbilt and a dozen more may be saving up for the same shows.

The noted team has been the nucleus of A. G. Vanderbilt's show winnings, with the addition of The Youngster, and he is always able to bring out a strong hand in pairs and singles. Lady Kathryn has been a noted winner in runabout classes. He has made many additions to the string and is always in the market for a good one. W. H. Moore, however, is regarded as the most liberal buyer among the amateurs. The largest Western dealers have a standing order from him for anything really high class, but they must be fine road horses as well as good lookers. A. G. Vanderbilt is very keen on road coaching. His partiality is for grays and he always uses teams of that color on racing and show ring road coaches. If there was such a title as "champion of road coaching" Vanderbilt could have claimed it for two seasons, for he has been unbeatable in such classes at the shows and he has had an experience second to none in "working a coach."

The Baltimore amateur, C. W. Watson, has invested a fortune in hackney and trotting bred show horses within two years. He is in the first flight of the amateurs. This means a vast outlay along these lines as the modern game is carried on. C. H. Mackay, for instance, who only shows as a country gentleman at Mineola and Piping Rock near his place on Long Island, bought two four-in-hand teams last summer, one of hackneys and one of trotters, for which $20,000 is said to have been paid. Yet this is only a drop in the bucket with the expenditures of the amateurs who follow the big circuits. Yet the sport to a degree is not for the very rich alone. Each show has its neighborhood group of exhibitors, who have often some very good horses and who get a fair share of the winnings.

The price paid for Forest King, $14,000, is probably the record for a harness gelding. The Turk, for which W. H. Moore paid $7,800 in this city in 1900, is the highest priced American heavy harness gelding. Thomas W. Lawson in his horse show career owned a team that cost $29,500. He paid $15,000 for the leaders, Flying Cloud and Whirling Cloud, $10,000 for Red Cloud and $4,500 for Carmen, to complete the four. Whirling Cloud, although no longer a young horse, sold for $2,350 to the Tichenor-Grand Company at the Lawson sale at the Garden in November. Red Cloud is now one of the stallions at the Government stud to breed harness horses in the West. To reveal the sterling value of the American trotter in heavy harness, Whirling Cloud during the month has been sold to an Omaha amateur for $6,000.

TOURNEYS OF THE AMATEURS.

It is hard to strike a balance as to the relative degree of success of the leading amateurs, and as data are not at hand to give the value of each win it is impossible to give the earnings of each string with accuracy. A fair average would be to set down each blue ribbon won as equivalent to $100 in cash or plate. The number of shows visited must also be considered, for some of the amateurs have made as many stops almost as a theatrical road company, while others have not travelled as much as in other seasons. In the heavy harness horse strings A. G. Vanderbilt exhibited at fourteen shows and won ninety-four blue ribbons. C. W. Watson only went to eleven shows, but he won ninety-seven first prizes. W. H. Moore only attended four shows, New York, Boston, Brooklyn and Philadelphia, and won fifty-four blue ribbons. E. D. Jordan gave up harness horse competitions after three spring shows, yet he won twenty-nine blue ribbons. Miss Gibert, with but two horses, The Baron and The President, had exhibits at eight shows and won twenty-four first prizes. Mrs. Grosvenor bought this pair from E. D. Jordan for $8,000 in 1905. She disposed of them at private sale to Miss Gibert and they were handled during 1906 by Donnelly, who took them along with the Harriman horses.

J. W. Harriman's total is helped by the saddle horses. He exhibited at ten shows and won fifty-six blues. Mrs. John Gerken's Newsboy and Shopgirl won more first prizes than any pair in the country, scoring in single and double harness and in tandem. Her string also included saddle horses, and, at nine shows won for her sixty-four of the badges of honor. R. C. Vanderbilt went as far as Chicago on his tours, and with the exception of two prizes with strings of polo ponies at Brockton he relied only on heavy harness horses. He won forty-six blue ribbons at six shows. Elsinore Farm also had entries at Chicago. In Mrs. Ladew's string were roadsters, harness ponies and saddle horses, and at fifteen shows the Elsinore entries won seventy first.

The record for seeking "fresh fields and pastures new" is held by Sydney J. Holloway of Westchester Farms. He took his string of seven or eight hunters to sixteen shows and won eighty-three prizes. Holloway does his own riding, and as hunters may be moved about more cheaply than heavy harness strings and do not cost so much money to buy it may be that the Westchester Farms made some money on the show pilgrimages.

The string included Red Raven, Jack Frost, Onerios, Cygnet, Centennial and a couple more, all good performers. At Chicago, Syracuse and Brocton the string was one, two and three in classes, while very often first and second at the summer shows. At New York the Southern hunters and nags from the nearby hunt clubs won the lion's share of the blue ribbons. Holloway only won two first prize yet with seconds and thirds he secures, $675. The string won $850 at Chicago, $900 at Brocton and $500 at Richmond, and on the basis of a hundred dollar average for a blue ribbon the season's winnings would be $8,300.

E. H. Wetherbee, a Westchester county amateur, sent his string of high jumpers on quite an extended campaign. With Pearl, San Toy, Senator and Rupert, he probably won more money over the jumps at the horse shows than any other exhibitors. At St. Louis and Omaha the string won some ribbons in hunter classes, but as a rule Wetherbee only entered them for the high jumps. He is an enthusiast on the development of lofty jumping in horses, and, with the professional W. Carberry up, Pearl has been sent against the high jumping record of 7 feet 10 inches, but hitherto without quite reaching the mark.

Pearl won the $200 prize in the high jump at New York, where the limit is 6 feet 6 inches, as the officials frown at excessive heights in show ring trials. The string won two first prizes at Boston and one at West Chester, the other showings being in the West. At St. Louis the jumpers won $600, at Omaha $485 and at Kansas City $350, besides the commemorative ribbons in fourteen classes. At Chicago only three place prizes were won, worth $100, and the jumpers picked up in all about $1,500, enough to pay railroad rates. Wetherbee is an amateur in the show game, and his string, with the addition of Dick Donnelly's champion jumper Heatherbloom, will probably be sent to the international show at London.

ROADSTERS IN LIGHT HARNESS.

E. T. Stotesbury, the Philadelphia banker, led the field in the winnings in roadster classes, a distinction he has retained for many years. The recent purchase of Sweet Marie, the champion race mare, for $14,000 is an indication of the money this amateur pays to maintain preeminence in his favorite hobby. His trainer and driver is George M. Webb, a veteran at the game. At the New York show of 1905 Auditor and Commander Baker won in single rigs and Stotesbury's Preferred and Referred the pair championship. Preferred and Referred were winners for him in single and double harness at Chicago, Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Boston, Bryn Mawr and Richmond last year. At the Richmond show, however, while the pair won, the Elsinore Farm's Sadie McGregor beat Preferred in the roadster appointment class. At New York last fall Stotesbury won two firsts and a championship with Preferred, but lost in pairs with Lucilla and Leonora. In all Stotesbury sent his roadsters to seven shows in 1906 and won twenty-three first prizes.

Miss Banahan and Miss Westover, owned by W. J. Buttfield of Plainfield, won the pair classes and the championship. This is a local pair only exhibited at the Morristown, Plainfield, Long Branch and New York shows and winners in all of seven prizes. At Long Branch the two misses beat Elsinore Farm's Sadie McGregor and Enid, while in singles Miss Banahan and Sadie McGregor each won and lost. At Plainfield Sadie McGregor beat Miss Banahan and with Enid defeated the pair to win later the championship at New York. The Elsinore Farm pair were not exhibited there, which leaves the actual roadster supremacy a question to be unanswered until the bugle sounds for this season's shows.

WHERE THE RIBBONS WERE WON.

Each amateur has his favorite show ring and considers certain shows to be his lucky ones. But as a fact it is the stress of competition—the fast company—that determines the number of an exhibitor's winnings. There is no surety about winning even at a small show in one's own town, as Buttfield discovered at Plainfield. Different judges have different ideals, and the uncertainty of the sport is one of its charms. The only thing to be gambled on regarding the amateurs who judge in this country is that they are honest in their opinions. They are also capable and few glaring mistakes are made in the show judging, and while opinions may vary as to the type of a winner there are usually some votes to support the placing of the ribbon.

A. G. Vanderbilt's winnings of first prizes were: New York, 12; Philadelphia, 2; Atlantic City, 8; Long Branch, 8; Bay Shore, 6; Point Judith, 3; Newport, 4; Syracuse State Fair, 14; Westchester, 6; Norfolk, Va., 4; Boston, 6; Richmond, 12; Brooklyn, 1; Durland's, 8. C. W. Watson strengthened his string after the Philadelphia show by the purchase of Norina and Kitty Gray from E. D. Jordan and the importation of Ringing Bells. His visits and first prize winnings were in this order: New York, 5; Sewickley, Pa., 17; Chicago, 13; Baltimore, 10; Philadelphia, 2; Plainfield, 4; Atlantic City, 4; Bay Shore, 8; Newport, 10; Louisville, 12; Kansas City, 12.

In the spring W. H. Moore won fifteen blue ribbons at Philadelphia, eighteen at Boston and ten at Brooklyn. He did not show again until at New York in the fall, where he won eleven first prizes. E. D. Jordan won thirteen prizes at Boston last spring and nine at Philadelphia, where Hildred won last for him in harness. At New York, in hackney breeding classes, Hildred won to halter and Jordan took seven blue ribbons. Mrs. John Gerken's itinerary included these shows and first prizes: Durland's, 9; Brooklyn, 5; Boston, 11; Philadelphia, 5; Atlantic City, 7; Long Branch, 10; Norfolk, 8; Richmond, 7, and she finished at New York with two firsts.

In the fifty-six blue ribbons won by J. W. Harriman the divisions were: New York, 7; Baltimore, 3; Philadelphia, 7; Long Branch, 7; Boston, 4; Brooklyn, 2; Bay Shore, 7; Newport, 5; Plainfield, 4 and Westchester, 8. The unexampled campaign of Miss Gibert's The Baron and The President reveals these wins of blue ribbons: Baltimore, 4; Brooklyn, 2; Long Branch, 3; Boston, 7; Bay Shore, 1; Newport, 2, and Westchester, 5. But at New York Miss Gibert only took one second prize. Reginald Vanderbilt's gifts from the goddess of show favors were: New York, 2; Chicago, 9; Philadelphia, 5; Newport, 5; Boston, 9, and Brockton, 13. To close this summary of many journeys, the first prizes won by the Elsinore Farm were: New York, 3; Bayside, 3; Chicago, 8; Philadelphia, 8; Atlantic City, 2; Long Branch, 2; Brooklyn, 1; Tuxedo, 4; Bay Shore, 2; Syracute, 14; Westchester, 2; Mineola, 6; Piping Rock, 6; Plainfield, 6, and Richmond, 4.

Amateurs as clever with the reins or in the saddle as any to be mentioned and who are as quick to appreciate and buy a good horse may be added by hundreds to the list. W. M. Snyder of Pittsburg; O. H. Kahn, Morristown; J. H. Moore and N. F. Moore, Chicago; E. T. Bedford, Miss Bedford, Miss Maxwell and H. L. Pratt of Brooklyn; Lawrence Jones, Louisville; Mrs. W. Stanton Elliott, Joseph Larocque, Joseph E. Widener W. H. Catlin—the muster might be extended to any limit. That the amateur sportsmen of the show ring have come to stay is the latest development in American horsemanship. They have a good time and gain health in the recreation. They benefit many trades and incidentally make the shows popular. E. T. Bedford, besides the local shows, sent his horses to Louisville last year. He and his daughter have just added the Jordan pair, Hildred and Plymouth Champion, to their show string.

GATHERING UP THE SHOW STRING.

Amateurs in these days, once they form the desire to figure at the shows, begin by loosening up their purse strings. Sometimes, through getting a good horse by accident and winning a blue ribbon or two, the taste for the sport comes on by gradual steps, but this is not the modern way. A beginner knows before he sits into the game, to use a simile of the national recreation, the size of the chips the other players have before them and he must make ready to buy a whole stack. The opening campaign must be as carefully planned as the march of an army. A manager, one wise in the game, must first be engaged and then the hunt started for the right sort of nags. Whether bought at private sale or auction, whether secured as a green horse in the country or imported from an English farm, when the right sort is found the cost must not stand in the way. On this account, despite release from service of so many horses by the use of electricity and the use of automobiles, a high class driving or riding horse is worth more money now than ever before in this country.

A show string of a dozen heavy harness horses means probably a home stable of thirty or forty head. Recruits are always coming into the stalls, and if they fail to make good as winners new ones take their places. A. G. Vanderbilt has leased Red Hill Farm at Edgeware, six miles out of London, as the home quarters during his spring trip to the English horse shows. There are box stalls for twenty-eight horses and should he take over horses for a public coach out of London the shipment may number forty horses. The ordinary show string, with the vehicles, will usually make the freight for one car on the travels between points. To judge of the size of a show stable, however, one should witness the flitting of an establishment complete, say, from the town to the country house. The outfit will fill three or four parlor horse cars and is as much care to move as a circus. The express companies make special arrangements to move harness horses and vehicles, and once the preliminaries are arranged the nags travel with as much luxury as the masters.

Just before the New York show there was a wreck of a special train on which William H. Moore's horses were being transported from Great Barrington to the city. A number of the horses were killed, but Forest King escaped to gain further honors for his owner. When James Hobart Moore sold a draft of twenty-five horses last fall at auction in this city, the manager stated that he had reserved the park team, including Burlingham and Burlingame, and that $100,000 would not buy them. "We have twenty horses waiting to take the places of those we are selling," added the manager. "We have always had thirty head in our stable at Lake Forest."

To come back to the Vanderbilt shipment, which gives an idea of the show string an amateur must seek to get together, the twenty-six he has decided to ship are two park teams, two road teams, three tandems, besides pairs and single harness horses. On one park team he will have Sweet Marie and the Major wheelers and Polly Prim and The Youngster leaders, on the other Gibson Boy and Full Dress will be on the wheel and Rustling Silk and Primrose on the lead. The road teams will be headed by the unbeaten grays, Venture, Viking, Vanity and Vogue. The outfit will also include Lady Kathryn and Alert for the runabout class; Watson, a docked trotter by Axtell, for the high stepping and pace classes; High Boy and Molly Darling, by a son of Mambino King, for the lady's phæton class; The Dude as second string for gig classes, and King Edward and King James, a 15.2 pair by the French coacher Troarn out of trotting-bred mares, for a grand carriage pair. Every horse in the shipment is of trotting breeding. There will be sixteen carriages sent across, including a park and road coach. The outfit of horses, vehicles and trappings could not be duplicated for $100,000. The Harriman, W. H. Moore and C. W. Watson show establishments represent as much money, while half a dozen others represent nearly as great an investment. The question of profit at horse shows does not enter into the management of these establishments. They are amateur outfits, kept up for the sport and for the pure love of fine horses.

VEHICLES AND MINOR APPOINTMENTS.

Equestrians have the soft end of the appointments for the show ring. Bridle, saddle and saddlecloth will suffice for a riding horse or hunter, yet with a stable of eight or ten horses these details will figure up to a pretty penny. There must also be stable and ring blankets, for in the spell of resting for a turn about the ring or over the jumps a horse may catch cold if not covered up, especially at an open air show in stormy weather. The driving men, even the dealers, now pay attention to style in their show ring traps, for they realize that a good carriage is the best setting for a good horse, as a diamond sparkles best when backed by true gold. The old rule was that any sort of vehicle would do for the show ring and that an old one was best, for a new one would soon be battered up anyway. Now the leading exhibitors go to a good deal of trouble to keep their showcarriages looking as fresh and bright as though new from the shop.

In the outfit of a show amateur, to begin with the largest, there must be a park coach and a road coach, besides a body brake and a wagonette brake. If he has a team 15 hands or under a pony drag and brake will be included. A mail phaeton of the full size and with coach springs is rare, but some have them. A demi mail, Spider or Stanhope phaeton is a necessity to show pairs in park style, and there must be a lady's phaeton, with rumble. Double and single broughams and victorias must be in the equipment, and for special classes an opera bus or private omnibus. There must be a tandem car, a gig and a runabout. Some of the vehicles may have both poles and shafts, but usually there are separate rigs for the pairs and single horses. Thirteen of the above list would be the slimmest possible outfit for a crack show string, and at the market it means an outlay of at least $30,000. Retouching at the coachmakers is a running item to be added.

It is not infrequent for the largest exhibitors to send in two pairs in a class, or three single entries, which means they do not limit themselves to single specimens of each vehicle. In the classes for road teams at the last New York show A. G. Vanderbilt had in two perfectly appointed coaches. He drove the white Nimrod and Wilson drove the yellow Middletown-Newport coach. There were seven road coaches and teams in one class, representing more than $20,000 for the vehicles, aside from horses and appointments. A road coach has a guard and horn, with the full appointments of the old days of journeys on the mail. The park drags call for more style in the teams and the amateurs go the limit in fine horses. A drag costs $2,800 and is the highest type of private park carriage. The colors are those of the owner, and, while some are in light blues or primrose, the majority prefer dark reds, maroons, greens or blues. The upholsterings and liveries of the two servants are in accord, and if the whip wears a boutonnière or the horses have flowers on their bridles they must also carry out the color scheme.

Even more exacting are the appointments for the carriage classes, and the proper turning out of one is an art in itself. It is not a splitting of trivialities, for each sort of carriage requires its special appointments, and in such classes the judges notice every essential point. According to one critic, the winning pair in a victoria appointment class in the early days of a Western show had long tails, the coachman had a footman's livery and the groom wore his street trousers. Now in appointment classes the West is as complete in details as the East. Such exhibits from Chicago and Louisville have won more than once in phaeton, brougham and victoria classes at New York and Boston. To gain perfection in appointments is another expense of the show game.

Appointments count in roadster and runabout classes also, but the study of details is not so complicated. The late Col. Lawrence Kip, in the roadster appointment classes, had a kit of tools beneath the seat for use in an emergency on the road. He set the ideal for roadster appointments for many years at the New York show, and in the perfection of his horses and turnouts was for years unbeatable. There is considerable latitude, provided certain stipulated models are followed, in the style of tandem carts and for classes calling for a two wheeled vehicle. The Waldorf-Astoria cup was for "the best horse suitable for a gig." At least one of the winners on the roster was hitched to a light cart that was not a true gig. The Martinique plate conditions called for "full sized gigs." In winning out both cups William H. Moore used the one gig, so there can be no question of his fairness in the choice of vehicles.

There must be a set of harness for nearly every vehicle and the harness room of a show stable is as large as the millinery department in a dry goods emporium. Stable clothes and the minor details have to be supplied on the same lavish scale. Stablemen, hostlers and grooms form an imposing retinue, and, besides the manager, there must be a coachman or two and usually a professional whip on the staff. Eben D. Jordan is an exception in that he is a breeder of harness horses and also prominent in the show ring. The late A. J. Cassatt was a successful breeder of hackneys from Little Wonder and Cadet, while Mitchell Harrison, H. McK. Twombly, W. Seward Webb, Henry Fairfax and many more have won blue ribbons with harness horses bred on their own farms. It is the goal that the early exhibitors had always in mind. The modern show ring amateurs are not so keen to be breeders. They prefer to buy their driving and riding horses ready made. The chief work of a manager is to pick out good ones and keep the nags in condition to win.

SARTORIAL AND INCIDENTAL NEEDS.

Riding men often turn out in a class, especially if for park hacks, in a silk hat, frock coat and gray trousers strapped under the boot. They could step into a mail phaeton for a drive or go to an afternoon wedding in the same garb. Morning suits, too, are often worn in the show ring by riders. To be properly equipped for country riding, or if the chance turns up, for a ride after hounds, the amateur will be in boots or leggings, breeches and a well built coat. Such an outfit turned out by good hands will cost about $125. The bootmaker will receive $25, the breeches specialist $35, and the coat creator, if not made in the same shop, will need $65 or $80. Waistcoats, stocks, pins and gloves are among other details imperative. A storm coat must fit well and be of the best watershedding cloth, besides a short covert coat. Hot weather makes light clothing necessary at many open air shows and the equestrian to be exact in his show ring attire should be provided for all weathers.

Frock coat and silk hat is always in good order for the amateur driver. William H. Moore never wears anything else and he tilts the dicer over his eyes in the manner of some politicians. Amateurs very strict in sartorial matters might hesitate about wearing such an attire in the morning classes, yet none will criticise adversely should they do so. At the summer shows light sack suits and straw hats are generally worn except in an appointment class to a phaeton. Then a gray frock coat and silk hat. Light top coats or rain coats are often needed at the open air shows. On a park drag the whip usually wears a coaching apron, or he may don an overcoat. The specially built white box coats, with the bell crowned white beavers, belong to the road coach alone. If rain threatens a mackintosh will be folded over the back of each seat on a drag, or they will be carreid inside. These are furnished by the owner the same as the lap robes on a drag, but the passengers on a road coach were supposed to take care of themselves, and trusses of straw were the footwarmers provided in the days of "the road." The whips of coaches running over a regular route in this country, like the Ardsley, are more generous and usually carry a stock of extra raincoats.

That miniature blizzard that broke on the coaching parties the inaugural race day at Belmont Park three years ago illustrated the importance of carrying raincoats on private road coaches as well as drags. The coaches left Fifth avenue in bright sunshine and warm weather, each load as gay as a bouquet, with women in light dresses and hats. Between Flushing and Jamaica the cold storm fell upon the drivers and chilled them to the bone. Coats were bought at the Jamaica stores, yet the harm had been done and the occupants of the dozen or more coaches were half frozen when they arrived at the Belmont Park clubhouse.

The show ring calls for all that the outdoor appointments for the sort of vehicle would require, when appointments are to be considered, and his outfitter's bill means a pretty penny to an amateur each season. Then servants' liveries, too, must be considered. Women in lady's phaeton classes usually wear the most modish afternoon park costumes appropriate to the season. In driving a four the same costume is allowable, but at New York, if a member of that small organization, the female whip often wears the blue coat and gold buttons with white silk hat of the Lady Four-in-Hand Club. Women who ride and drive in successive classes, for instance Mrs. John Gerken, usually wear the riding habit, but they may slip a driving coat over it. On horseback the show ring amateurs wear black, gray or brown habits, with any appropriate hat. They all ride in the conventional way. Riding astride is only done by little girls, whatever women may do in the hunting field or on the plains.

BASEBALL HEROES FORGOTTEN

NEW YORK'S CHAMPIONS LED BY EWING AND WARD.

Veteran Critics Still Swear by the Pennant Winners of 1888-89, When Keefe, Welch, Crane, Connor, Richardson, O'Rourke, Gore, Tiernan Were Factors.

Eighteen years ago New York had a ball team that was considered the greatest in the land. The championship of the National League was won in 1888 and 1889, together with a world's series each fall, first from the St. Louis Browns and afterward from the Brooklyns. In the time that has elapsed the men that brought these green diamond honors to the metropolis have been practically forgotten, but those who recall their valiant deeds will tell you that no greater combination of baseball talent ever played the game. Those were days when ball players were real heroes, when their individual traits and characteristics were known to every urchin who peeked through the holes in the fences of the old Polo Grounds at 110th street and Fifth avenue. It was only necessary for one of these popular idols to emerge in street clothes from the side gate to cause as much of a riot as is seen nowadays when a McGraw, a Mathewson, a Chase or a Keeler parades the streets after a struggle in one of the Harlem arenas.

Veterans will tell you that Buck Ewing was the greatest catcher that ever lived. For that matter Ewing was really one of the most magnificent all around players that the game has ever produced. He could play anywhere. Behind the bat was his real position and there he was in his element. A wonderful handler of speed and curves, he was also a phenomenal thrower to bases and a cool headed coacher for the pitcher. Ewing never moved in his tracks when he made his lightning-like shots to the different bags to catch pilfering base runners. He had a sort of snap throw which sent the ball away like a rifle bullet, yet Ewing never appeared to display the slightest exertion.

Ewing, always a leader, never asked his men to do anything that he could not accomplish himself. He played every position on the infield at various times, and even went so far as to pitch several games when the other boxmen were not in shape. There was no craftier, speedier base runner in the National League in those days, unless it was Mike Kelly or John Montgomery Ward. Ewing was off like a flash when he started to steal, and was a remarkable slider. He could "bunt for a sacrifice," a term used at that time, and could also hit the ball over the outfielders' heads for home runs and three baggers when such heavy drives were needed. If you try to tell those veterans that Kleinow or Bresnahan of the local teams of the present time is a better catcher than Ewing was in his palmy days you'll find that your hands are full of trouble, handed to you in bunches. Kleinow is one of the best catchers in the American League, but the old timers insist that he does not possess the all around ability or the personal magnetism that made Buck Ewing the idol of the New York public so many years ago. Bresnahan, a splendid ball player, who can play any position and who was once a good pitcher, is constructed on the Ewing plan, but he never can compare with the lamented Buck as a backstop exclusively.

Sir Timothy Keefe, Smiling Mickey Welch and Cannonball Crane! There were three sterling pitchers who helped to bring championships to Manhattan in the good old days. Keefe was the star. A powerfully built, well educated, thoughtful fellow, Keefe knew the art of fooling batsmen with puzzling curves from A to Z. He was one of the first pitchers to perfect what is known as the slow ball. He had the same sort of an easy, swinging delivery for the slow and the fast, and his control of both was so perfect that he mowed down the big hitters of the Detroit, Boston and Chicago teams like so many wooden men. Keefe had terrific speed when he wanted to turn it on, and on several occasions he accidentally hit players on the head with almost fatal results. But he was always modest, painstaking, gentlemanly and immensely popular with the crowds that thronged the old Polo Grounds when the pennants were being won

Welch, smaller than Keefe, was nearly as crafty. He had all kinds of curves and a world of speed. Like Keefe, he possessed a head filled with baseball knowledge, and he never failed to make use of it, either. Crane, who broke into the game as a catcher, became a pitcher by accident. He was catching Dupee Shaw, a noted left hander, for the Boston Unions in 1884, when Shaw was suddenly injured and there was no other pitcher to take his place. Crane finally offered to go into the box and proceeded to strike out eleven of the St. Louis Unions in the last six innings. After that Crane always pitched. New York got him from Toronto, but it took all of Ewing's skill to teach the big Boston boy how to control his speed. There was no pitcher in the League faster than Crane in those days, but Ewing and big Bill Browne both handled him as if they were sitting in rocking chairs before an open fire. It was Crane's pitching that helped the New Yorks to win the world's series from the Brooklyns in 1889, when it looked as if the championship had been lost. How do these three pitchers compare with the noted Mathewson or any of the New York Americans' twirlers? Some baseball experts declare that Mathewson, in a class by himself, is the greatest ever. Others insist that he is no better than the famous Amos Rusie. If that is so then he is not so much better than the remarkable Keefe, who taught Rusie all that he ever knew about work in the box.

Roger Connor was another idol. When good old Roger left the New York team in 1894 the fans regarded it as a calamity. Always quiet, manly, sportsmanlike, this big fellow not only could play first base in fine style but he could also hit the ball. He made no punky little hits, either, but tremendously long drives, that took the wind out of the fielders as they chased the ball all over the lot while Roger sped around the bases. Connor was never known to make a kick against an umpire or indulge in riotous behavior in any form. Dan McGann of the New York Nationals is not in the same class with Roger, so the veterans insist, and it looks as if they were not far out of the way, either. Chase of the New York Americans is probably a better and more sensational fielder, but that is all.

Danny Richardson, the little second baseman, was one of the league's stars in this position. Fred Pfeffer, Dunlap, Robinson and other great second basemen in those days had nothing on Danny, who was a better ball player than either Jimmy Williams or any of the candidates for this position on McGraw's team. Arthur Whitney, who played third base for Ewing's champions, was an excellent fielder but not much of a batter, both Devlin and La Porte of last year's New York teams being regarded as far better than Whitney in all departments.

Then we come to John M. Ward, an artist and a brilliant star. Ward played short field and classed with such experts as Glasscock, Williamson, Jack Rowe and other noted players in that position. He was light on his feet, making superb stops and rapid throws, at the same time covering a large amount of territory. But it was at the bat and on the bases that he was at his best. Ward was the best base runner in the country in those days. He took desperate chances and often stole home from third base while the ball was passing between the pitcher and the catcher. He was a good, free hitter, but he did a great great deal of bunting and place hitting, which indicated that he was one of the very few brainy batsmen who were then in harness. Just tell one of these veteran fans that Bill Dahlen of the Nationals or Kid Elberfield of the Americans is a better ball player than Johnny Ward was in the old days and then prepare for hours of strenuous argument.

James H. O'Rourke, George Gore and Mike Tiernan, these were the outfielders, and every one of them could play ball. O'Rourke, who gave up catching to play in the outfield, was a heavy batsman. He could sting the ball for keeps and his hits were timely. He was only a fair fielder and an ordinary base runner. Gore, on the other hand, was a fine player in all respects. When Anson let him out of the Chicago team New York snapped him up quickly. Gore then was considered the fastest man between home and first base in the business. He could bunt or hit them out, and he usually led off in the batting order. He covered lots of ground in centre field and was a magnificent long distance thrower. Tiernan, once a left handed pitcher, became the regular right fielder of the old champions as soon as Ewing found out how the "Silent Man" could bat. Tiernan quickly developed into one of the greatest batsmen in the league, which he led in this respect one season. He was a whirlwind on the bases and had a big following because of his good conduct both on and off the field.

In drawing comparisons veteran critics say that O'Rourke was a better hitter than either Conroy or Shannon of the present metropolitan teams, but that Conroy is a far better fielder and base runner. Gore, in the estimation of competent judges, was a mightier player than Donlin and Hoffman, while Tiernan and Keeler, about in the same class, could be rated above Seymour in every way. Those who recall the deeds of the New York champions of 1889 may find time to make a few mental comparisons by means of the appended table:

N. Y. (A. L.)	N. Y. (N. L.)	N. Y. ('88-9)
Chesbro, p.	Mathewson, p.	Keefe, p.
Orth, p.	Ames, p.	Welch, p.
Hogg, p.	Taylor, p.	Crane, p.
Clarkson, p.	McGinnity, p.	Titcomb, p.
Doyle, p.	Wiltse, p.	George, p.
Brockett, p.	Ferguson, p.	O'Day, p.
Kleinow, c.	Bowerman, c.	Ewing, c.
Thomas, c.	Bresnahan, c.	Brown, c.
McGuire, c.	Smith, c.	Murphy, c.
Chase, 1b.	McGann, 1b.	Connor, 1b.
Williams, 2b.	Corcoran, 2b.	Richardson, 2b.
La Porte, 3b.	Devlin, 3b.	Whitney, 3b.
Elberfeld, ss.	Dahlen, ss.	Ward, ss.
Conroy, lf.	Shannon, lf.	O'Rourke, lf.
Hoffman, cf.	Donlin, cf.	Gore, cf.
Keeler, rf.	Seymour, rf.	Tiernan, rf.
Moriarity, ex.	Mullen, ex.	Slattery, ex.
Delehanty, ex.	Strang, ex.	Foster, ex.
Yeager, ex.	Browne, ex.	Hatfield, ex.

Of the old team Ewing, Brown, Slattery and Crane are dead. Keefe is living at Cambridge, Mass., where he owns some real estate. Welch has a large family in Holyoke, Mass., where he conducts a thirst parlor. Titcomb and George, who never did much regular work in the box, dropped into obscurity a long time ago. Connor is a prosperous citizen of Waterbury, Conn. Richardson owns a dry goods store in Elmira. Whitney is in business near Boston. Ward is practising law in this city and is doing well. O'Rourke is still playing ball as catcher of the Bridgeport team, of which he is also the owner. Gore is a New York Central Railroad detective and Tiernan owns a saloon in Harlem.

SCOOTERING.

Fine Ice and Water Sport on the Great South Bay This Season.

The nearest approach to riding on the wind is a trip in an ice yacht or in its amphibious relation, the scooter.

The scooter is the latest development of the ice yacht; a flat bottomed sloop, fitted with sails, that skims over ice and plunges into and across open water spaces with scarcely diminished speed.

It came into being on the Great South Bay of Long Island. There, as a writer in *Recreation* points out, the ice in winter is full of regions of soft ice or open water leads that mark the location of tidal currents.

The ice yacht of the Hudson River and other waters where the ice in season is thoroughly solid, would founder in the open water belts of the Great South Bay, hence the alligatorlike independence of the scooter, which sails without interruption over ice or water, and sails fast.

Flat as the duck hunter's "sneak boat," it has on either side of the bottom steel runners lying parallel to the keel. These engage the ice, whether the scooter is running on port or starboard tack. It is rigged with a mainsail and a jib, both larger in proportion to the size of the boat than the sails of all water craft.

To avoid accidents on leaving or mounting solid ice there is no centreboard or rudder. Any obstruction that is cleared by the bowsprit can be surmounted by the scooter. Steering is accomplished by means of the jib. The helmsman sits in front, holding the jib by means of a short jib sheet.

By alternately holding the sheet tight or slack the boat is held on its course, as this modifies the action of the mainsail. The boat is also partly guided by shifting the weight of the crew fore or aft as is necessary.

When it is desired to change the tack the jib is flung loose and the pressure of the mainsail throws the bow around to the required angle, when the jib is hauled taut again.

The Great South Bay, which extends beyond Babylon on the west and Bellport on the east, is some thirty miles in length and has an average width of five miles, forming an ideal place for scootering.

The scooter rushes over the ice like an arrow, it circles about, springs aside, evades obstructions that you feel sure will wreck it to pieces. Then, without warning, it plunges into a stretch of clear water with a smack like that made by a shoot the chute barge at Coney Island, and before the spray has fallen to the water the scooter has scooted on to the ice once more and is off, a wonder of embodied speed.

The wind varies and you fly through the keen air and the flashing sunshine, now with the speed of thirty miles an hour, now slowly and with an air of listlessness. With a strong winter wind abeam you see the snowy landscape become a whirlwind of ice and snow as it flies past.

The ice crashes, the runners ring, you swerve past great blocks of ice and fly along fractures that oscillate on either side like windblown banners of blue and white. Now the boat sways and reels, to roar amid mounds and windrows of frozen obstruction, here and there cutting through excrescences of thin ice that crash, explode and fall like showers of diamonds.

Suddenly something happens. You find yourself holding to the boat like grim death, while your body is jarred with the crash of the boat striking the unyielding pavement. Struck a mound of ice, a foot high, bounded into the air, back to the ice yards and yards ahead and now you continue your furious flight. A yell of supreme exultation wells up in you, but you haven't the breath to utter it.

The preeminence of the scooter over the ice yacht is its amphibious quality, its power of crossing open water and ploughing through an ice floe with safety. Thus the scooter sails proudly on where an ice yacht would capsize.

When plunging full speed into open water spaces in the ice field, the spray is flung twenty feet high and the boat rushes on with bow high in the air and with scarcely diminished speed to the ice beyond. The great excess of sail area makes a prolonged trip on the water very dangerous, but the Long Island scooter pilots are a crafty lot and take no foolish chances.

Another great point in favor of the scooter is its low cost and absolute safety. With over a hundred scooters out in all kinds of weather, last winter, the only serious accident was a pair of sprained ankles resulting from careless driving among huge cakes of ice. For $50 one can obtain a complete craft and enjoy the freedom of a roadbed of unrivaled smoothness.

There is no cost of maintenance and if used with care no cost for repairs. The only implements carried on board are a paddle for taking the boat through open water and an ice hook for pulling the craft out of the water upon ice, in case its speed should not be equal to the emergency. To stop a scooter anywhere, the bow is brought up into the wind, when the crew jumps overboard and holds on to it by the rigging.

GENUINE INDIAN SNOWSHOES.

BEST ARE MADE OF YELLOW OR BLACK BIRCH.

Each Tribe of Indians Has Its Own Style of Shoes—Those of the Montagnais Are Short and Broad—Long Toed Ojibways—Algonquins Best All 'Round.

When an Indian wants to make a pair of snowshoes he goes into the forest and selects a straight grained yellow or black birch, says a writer in *Recreation*. A young tree, even of sufficient size to give the required wood, is not chosen, because when worked up into shape the wood is not as durable and strong as the same thickness of wood from an older tree. The tree in demand is one of from eight to ten inches diameter of trunk.

The Indians also make snowshoe frames of tamarack, ash and white birch, but only when yellow or black birch is not obtainable.

The proper tree being found, the Indian cuts it down. Next he chops off a cut sufficiently long to give him the required length for his frames. This done, he inserts and drives in at the small end of the log a hardwood wedge. This opens the stick so it will split in two equal parts.

The same process is then gone through with the halves and again with the quarters, if he desires a number of pairs. Splitting at the heart and at the small end always insures even thickness.

The wood obtained, the Indian right there at the stump axes each piece to almost the dimensions he requires, and, if his wood yard is far from his camp, may light a fire to thaw out the wood and there use his crooked knife till he gets the exact size and shape he wants.

The bending of the frames is generally done in the evenings when there is no other work to be occupied with.

The frames having been knifed to the proper thickness, heaviest in the middle and tapering toward the ends, they are ready for bending. A kettle of scalding water is kept alongside the fire and with a heavy cloth the maker keeps soaking the whole length of each stick.

Now and then he slightly bends the wood over his knee. This alternate immersion and bending is kept up till the frame is quite supple.

A piece of flat wood as long as the proposed breadth of the shoe is then prepared. This engages and extends the frames at the middle. The two sides are now tied firmly together, once at the tail end, once each side of the middle and again at each side of the toe. Then they are hung up to dry, but not too near the fire.

Preparing the deerskin is woman's work. First the green skin is put to soak over night. Her husband has shaped for her and planted outside the camp door a log of peeled wood having two legs, after the fashion of a tanner's "horse."

Upon this in the morning the woman places the skin in its wet state, hair side up, and with a shinbone of the animal she scrapes down the hair, stubbles and impurities, going over a small section at a time until the whole skin is free and clean. It is then turned over and the flesh side gone over in a like manner.

The skin is then thoroughly washed in clean water and examined once more over the horse for any place that may have been overlooked. When perfectly clean of all fat and other impurities it is wrung out and put away damp. In cold weather it is stretched on a frame to freeze flat.

The next process is the cutting of the skin into lacing, or *babiche*, for the netting of the snowshoes. Some women begin at the edge and work toward the middle, while others cut the skin into halves or quarters and cut one piece at a time.

The cutting is done on a flat board held in the woman's lap. Knife in one hand, she turns the skin with the other, finishing off with a very long strip attached to a piece no larger than a dollar bill.

The toe and the heel requiring finer strands, fawn skins are used for these parts. The strands are then wound into balls, the woman stretching them with hands and teeth as she rolls them. This is to keep it from shrinking, and therefore becoming slack when worn. The balls are then tied up in a piece of cotton or cloth and put in a damp place till required.

The man bores gimlet holes an inch apart around the forward curve of the shoe and also on each side of the tail part back of the heel bar. These holes are in pairs about an eighth of an inch apart. Then the man laces the *babiche* in and out of these holes, knotting his lace at each set.

This is the mounting or stay for the actual knitting, which is the next step. Among most of the tribes the women do the knitting, but sometimes the men help. It will take a man and a woman two full days work to knit both shoes.

Snowshoes of commerce, such as one sees in city stores, are knitted out of almost any kind of skin—the skin of the horse, the cow, the pig, and even the dog. As the shoes are intended to be sold cheap, the very poorest material and the most slovenly work is put into the construction.

The frames are generally of ash, and sometimes sawn at that. At the very first wetting the knitting stretches into a pouch under the heel and the frames twist into the most grotesque shapes. A bushman would not risk his life on a macadamized road with such shoes.

Each tribe of Indians has different shaped snowshoes, each kind being the best adapted for the country in which they are used. I have used during my winters in the wild, Montagnais, Chippewa, Ojibway and Algonquin, and while each is best adapted to its own particular contour of country, yet for all around handiness and comfort I prefer the Algonquin.

The Montagnais snowshoe would be quite out of place in a wooded country, from its broad and unwieldy shape. Walking on a clear, flat surface or climbing rocky mountains, such as is the case on the Labrador, it is the best.

It has some exasperating surprises for a beginner, by its bumping his ankles. To walk with this shoe requires practice.

Each foot as it is advanced requires to be swung in a half circle to clear the foot that is stationary. This swinging of the leg in walking becomes so firmly fixed as one's mode of locomotion that even in summer the same parenthetical way of moving the legs is continued. One can pick out an inhabitant of the Labrador by his walk, just as one can a sailor.

For skimming over the hard, wind beaten, barren grounds of the Far North the Chippewa snowshoe is the best that could be used. Take such a make (seven or eight feet long) and try to get through a thick bush country or climb mountains, and the result would be a failure.

The Ojibwa snowshoe when in a modified form answers well, but the tendency of the young bucks is to have abnormally long toes (from the front bar to the end.) As a result, to the novice, the shoe in a most unexpected moment will dive under the surface and the user takes an undignified cropper.

The young men of the Montagnais tribe try to outvie each other by the breadth of their shoes. I knew one strapping fellow that broke the record by having his front bar thirty-six inches long, thus making his shoes thirty-nine inches clear. He walked on them, it is true, but he was not a thing of beauty to behold.

The Algonquins inhabit a mixed country of swamp, mountains and thick bush and a better snowshoe than they use could not be manufactured. They are not too broad and yet have a good surface to resist the weight, neither are they too long, but can be snaked in and out through the thick trees with the utmost ease.

Long Lived Goldfinch.

From the London Standard.

The longevity of ravens, geese and several other birds is well known, but it does not often fall to the lot of a cage bird to live to a great age.

A goldfinch belonging to W. Godwin of Victoria Park, Dorchester, furnished the exception to the usual rule by living till it was over 22 years old. The bird lately died from sheer old age.